National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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THE SIXTH CORPS.

Personal Reminiscences of General Wright.

CEDAR CREEK AGAIN.

Crook's Reconnoissance Fails to Find the Enemy.

SCHURZ AND SIGEL.

Carrying the Works in Front of Petersburg.

[BY FRANK Y. COMMAGERE.]

OFFICIAL reports of battles or the evolutions of an army are merely statements of plain facts,—said Gen. Horatio G. Wright not long ago, while we were talking of the battle of Cedar Creek and his long-lost report of that contest,—and it is seldom that such reports give anything of the minor details which would interest the general public.

In the course of this and other talks with the gallant commander of the Sixth Corps, he told me many things that are not alone of interest to the survivors of that day at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, 1864, but to all who take an interest in the history of the war; and while I cannot pretend to give Gen. Wright's exact words, I think that his talk will add to the yet unwritten history of the war, and I will endeavor as far as possible to follow his language.

GEN. WRIGHT AT CEDAR CREEK.

When Gen. Sheridan went from Cedar Creek to Washington my corps (the Sixth) was massed along the steep bluffs of Cedar Creek, on the extreme right of the army, and to the right of the Valley turnpike. Gen. Emory was on my left, with the Nineteenth Corps, and Gen. Crook, with the Army of West Virgina—which was then known as the Eighth Corps—held the extreme left. As the creek ran the command fronted southerly, and was in the general shape of a bow, with the right and left refused somewhat from the center.

When the command first took position along Cedar Creek Gen. Sheridan directed me to intrench my front, but I opposed the idea of intrenching as unnecessary, because the deep and narrow creek presented a natural fortification that was as effective for ordinary purposes of defense as fortified lines could well be, and Gen. Sheridan agreed with my view.

When Sheridan went away to Washington he left me no particular instructions, although my seniority in rank gave me the temporary command. From various observations, and some thought, I became convinced of the fact that, as Gen. Early had so long a line of communication from his base of supplies at Staunton, and with meager transportation, that he was at a point when he must very soon fight or run, and so I sent for Gen. Crook, Oct. 17, and directed him to send out a brigade early the next morning to make a strong reconnoissance in his front. That was done on Oct. 18, and the brigade returned to our lines in the evening, and Gen. Crook reported to me in person at about 9 p. m. that day that the reconnoissance had developed the fact that no enemy remained in our front.

I thought a moment, but did not feel satisfied, and asked Gen. Crook if he had sent out a good brigade commander. He said he had, and gave me his name, which I do not now remember—he was killed in the battle next day, and added that he was satisfied the work had been well performed.

I said: "Crook, are you thoroughly satisfied from this report that Early has left your front?" Crook said he was; then I said: "Well, I'm not;

I'M AFRAID THERE HAS BEEN A MISTAKE MADE,

and I will send out another command in the morning."

Gen. Crook then went back to his camp on the left, and I at once sent an order to Gen. Emory to have a brigade from the Nineteenth Corps ready to move out at daybreak for another reconnoissance in force, and at the same time sent orders to Gen. Torbert, commanding the cavalry, to have a brigade of cavalry ready to go out also.

Gen. Emory's Brigade was to go down the pike toward Early's lines, while the cavalry brigade was to examine the side road that wound along the mountain range some miles to the right, to see that Early was not attempting a trick of flanking the command.

I thought about the matter a good deal that evening, and the more I thought the more I was convinced that Crook's man had not properly solved the problem; and so it was that, in my anxiety over the matter, I turned out very early the morning of Oct. 19, 1864, and was just mounting my horse when I heard the first firing. I had my reins in hand and hand on cantle of the saddle at the time, and stood still to listen.

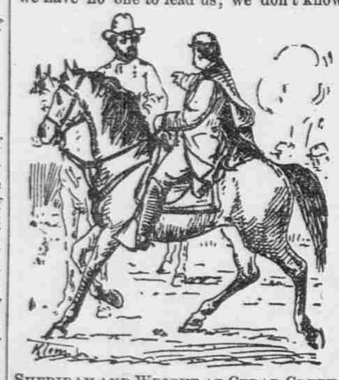
The first firing was a little patter of musketry, such as will come with a little brush on the picket or skirmish-line. There was some firing in front of our center, but that at the extreme left grew heavier very soon, and I at once decided that that was where the real attack was, and I sent away officers to bring me information.

I mounted and followed at once with my Staff and Orderlies, first sending orders to Emory to send the brigade made ready for the proposed reconnoissance to the left at once.

Gen. Crook's Corps had been posted in two lines that nearly converged on the right, so that the formation was very like the two sides of a triangle, with a ravine between the two lines. When Early's force dashed into the front line (which was the firing I first heard), it broke at once and swept back upon and through the second line, breaking that also; so that when I rode upon the ground the men that I could see

FORMED A CONFUSED MOB.

I shouted right and left at the men, asking them what on earth they meant by breaking so, and ordered them to re-form for action. Some soldier spoke up and said, "General, we have no one to lead us; we don't know



SHERIDAN AND WRIGHT AT CEDAR CREEK.

what to do." I told them to fall in, re-form your ranks some way, and I'll lead myself. Then I rode on through the light fog to get a better idea of the condition of affairs, and was gone but a very little time until I returned to the commanding knoll where I had ordered the re-formation, when I found every last man gone, and with the exception of my own Aids and Orderlies I was absolutely alone.

That part of the command had simply disappeared. If a stand had been made at that point Early's men would have been checked, and if it had been for only 15 minutes—yes, for 10—I would have had troops there from the Nineteenth and Sixth Corps, and the battle would have been fought out on that very ground with the same results that came later in the day. I had sent orders to Emory and Ricketts (who was commanding my corps), and enough of their commands would have been on hand in a few minutes to have settled Early right there and driven him back across the creek. The complete turning of our left and routing of the Army of West Virginia forced a change of front, and when I succeeded in forming a new line almost perpendicular to our former position, Gen. Emory was on the right with the Nineteenth Corps and Gen. Getty, with my corps, on his left.

The battle became very sharp, though it lulled at times, and the men had become rested from the hard work of the morning, but I had things pretty well in hand and was holding my own easily when Gen. Sheridan arrived on the field at about the time I had intended to make a general advance.

Gen. Sheridan rode at once to where I was and asked: "Well, Wright, how are things going?" I told him they had been going pretty bad in the morning, but that I had things my own way then, and that we could drive Early back across Cedar Creek before night, and make him drop everything he had taken; that we could thrash him out of his boots.

That seemed to please him, for he laughed, and replied, "Yes; you're right;

WE'LL LICK HIM OUT OF HIS BOOTS BEFORE NIGHT."

He then asked in detail about my dispositions of the command. I told him that everything was ready for an immediate attack with the whole line, except that the cavalry was not yet where I wanted it. He thought a half moment and told me to hold the line in place for awhile in temporary command still, and then he rode away to move the cavalry into the positions I had suggested.

When Sheridan returned to the line I resumed command of my corps, which Gen. Getty was then commanding, for Gen. Ricketts had been dangerously wounded early in the battle; but the attack which I had designed to be made at once did not begin for fully two hours later, as Gen. Sheridan's judgment was that it was better to wait.

When the attack did come we got the rebels on the run at once after the first shock of the contact of the lines, and the temporary difficulty at the stone fence was settled, and they had not halted when we stopped the chase to let the cavalry finish up, when we went into camp at dark, thoroughly wornout from the day's work.

The history of that day is a brilliant page in the history of the war for the Union. I dislike to talk of myself, and do not believe in writing myself or my own work up, and I have rested patiently almost a quarter of a century under the unjust imputation that I was calmly sitting on the banks of Cedar Creek with the army left in my charge, and let Early attack me without an idea on my part of his possible intention to do so. I was not surprised, and, as I have told, was anticipating just such a move on Gen. Early's part.

Of the missing reports from the Sixth Corps of that day's battle at Cedar Creek, I am unable to give the least explanation of why it is so; nor have I a definite theory acceptable to myself. I know that my own report, made from my penciled draft, was duly forwarded, and that it is not to be found in the War Department; but I never knew until very recently that the reports of my division and brigade commanders are also not to be found in the proper files.

THE OLD SIXTH CORPS.

I was very proud of commanding the Sixth Corps, and I had thorough confidence that it could accomplish anything it was asked to do. It made me proud, too, to feel that I had the confidence of the men and officers.

When the Corps was transferred from the Shenandoah Valley, after the Cedar Creek battle, it was in splendid condition, and I had general officers to command each division and brigade except two, and those were competent and tried Colonels who had well earned promotion.

The trouble then was that so many men held commissions as general officers who were on various duty in the rear, or else none at all, that it was almost impossible to get enough to officer the brigades, and in the Fall of 1864 not another corps in the Army of the Potomac was as well off in that respect as the Sixth, and there is an interesting little bit of history connected with this condition of affairs.

I stopped here in Washington for a day on my way to City Point, and the entire Rhode Island delegation in Congress called at the hotel to ask if I would be willing to go with them to President Lincoln to urge the promotion of a Rhode Island Colonel to Brigadier-General.

As I had twice recommended the promotion of that officer, I consented at once, and the party went to the White House and were ushered into Mr. Lincoln's room.

The officer was Col. Charles H. Tompkins, 1st R. I. L. A., who was Chief of Artillery of the Sixth Corps, and had been in that position with Gen. Sedgwick to the time of the latter's death.

One after the other of the Rhode Island Congressmen urged the matter upon Mr. Lincoln, who said but little until all were through, when he turned to me and said, "What have you to say about the matter, General?" I told him that the promotion asked for had been well earned, and that I had twice recommended it officially, and it had been the only one not yet acted upon.

THE PRESIDENT THOUGHT A MOMENT,

and replied that it ought to be done, but that he had no vacancies then. I told him that the commands were all in great need of general officers, and that many brigades were commanded by Colonels who were unable to obtain the promotion they had earned by their services. He asked where all the Generals were that were already commissioned. This I declined to answer in detail, but said that at least they were not at the front.

He then asked why such a condition of affairs existed, and I intimated that in many cases it was because no one wanted them at the front.

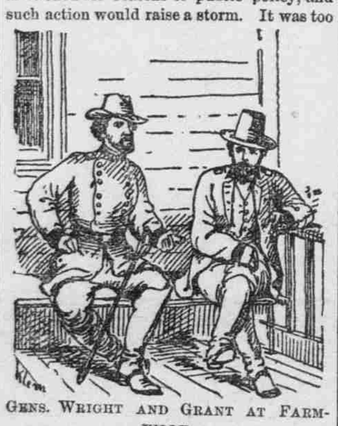
"Well," said he, "I'll see that they are ordered to the front at once."

"For heaven's sake, Mr. President," I said, "don't send them to my corps, for so many of them rank so high that they will displace my division commanders, and I have excellent ones now that I have strong reliance upon."

Mr. Lincoln wonderingly asked what he could do, and I suggested that if I were President I should do some mustering out to make vacancies for the men at the front. I told him, too, that the existing laws required that corps and divisions should be commanded by Major-Generals and brigades by Brigadier-Generals, but that so few were at the front that most of the divisions were commanded by Brigadiers and the brigades by Colonels.

Mr. Lincoln then said that he would remedy the evil, and told me to go to Gen. Halleck to have a list prepared for mustering out of service. I went at once to Gen. Halleck, who was delighted about the matter, and he at once proposed a list of names of Generals he thought could be spared without injury to the service.

The plan was not carried out, however. After I left the White House the Rhode Islanders had gone to the War Department and told the Secretary of War all about their visit and talk with Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Stanton at once declared that it would never do; that the men aimed at had been commissioned for reasons of public policy, and such action would raise a storm. It was too



GENS. WRIGHT AND GRANT AT FARMVILLE.

late. Mr. Stanton acted at once, and the matter was stopped; but the outcome was that not very long after I had rejoined the Sixth Corps in front of Petersburg six or eight general officers reported to the Army of the Potomac, under orders from Washington, for assignment to commands.

Gen. Meade sent for me and told me that two at least would be sent to my corps. I earnestly protested. I said that it was doubtful if I could get good work from my men under these new commanders, and it would be ruinous to the corps, for the men knew and would follow the commanders they then had.

"But what can I do?" said Meade. "These men come with President Lincoln's order for assignment, and I have no discretion." I suggested that he direct them to report in person at City Point, and there await further orders. The order was made as I suggested, and the Generals awaited orders until the whole thing was over at Appomattox, while I saved my own officers for their own divisions.

SCHURZ AND SIGEL.

Two of the Major-Generals who waited orders at City Point were Gens. Schurz and Sigel, and the writer can add a chapter to the story Gen. Wright tells. After the surrender at Appomattox, Maj.-Gens. Schurz and Sigel were ordered to Gen. Sherman's army in North Carolina for assignment to the wing of that army commanded by Maj.-Gen. Henry W. Slocum. Gen. Sherman duly ordered them to report to that officer, but another General Field Order issued by Gen. Sherman announces that "Maj.-Gen. Carl Schurz and Maj.-Gen. Franz Sigel having reported in person at these Headquarters under instructions from Maj.-Gen. Henry W. Slocum, commanding the Army of Georgia, they will proceed to Wilmington, N. C., and await further orders." It seemed as though the commanders in the Army of the Potomac were not the only ones who failed to show any great anxiety for the services in the field of these two distinguished Major-Generals.

But to return to Gen. Wright's reminiscences: When the time came for the final grapple with the rebels at Petersburg I went to Gen. Meade and told him that I could smash through the lines in my front, and asked permission to make an assault with my whole corps.

Gen. Meade was a little dubious about it, and suggested that I assault with one division and then follow up with the rest of the corps if the movement was a success. I objected to going in in detail, and urged that he should let the Sixth Corps do that work, so that it would have the credit; for I had become a bit tired of having my men shifted about from flank to flank as supports and doing heavy fighting, while other troops received all the credit gained.

Gen. Meade would not give me an answer, but it happened that Gen. Grant got to know something of what I wanted, and I got a note from Meade, which read about like this: "Lieut.-Gen. Grant directs me to say that if you believe your plan is feasible, the assault you propose may be made, and you may regard this as the necessary order."

THE ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG.

When the Corps carried the rebel lines we moved southward and to the left, and I kept right on in that general direction. I was satisfied that no considerable force remained in Petersburg, but had fallen back, and so when Gen. Gibbon came up with his division, of the Twenty-fourth Corps, he moved off to the right and entered Petersburg, for which his command was duly credited with the capture.

When I got to Farmville, after Sailor's Creek, the rains had swollen the stream there until it was too deep to ford, and as there was no real necessity for hurry, I halted there by Gen. Grant's direction to wait for pontoons, and there Grant joined me.

I had made up my mind that there no longer existed a necessity for smashing away at Lee as we had been doing for a week, and thought a formal demand should be sent to Lee to surrender. It seemed to me cruel to keep it up, and when Gen. Grant joined me at Farmville I broached the subject to him.

We were sitting together at the time on the broad piazza of the old country tavern there, and Grant asked me what I would write Lee. I said I should make a formal demand for an immediate surrender, pointing out the condition of affairs and the utter uselessness of continuing the fighting, and telling him that if the fighting went on he should be held responsible for the unnecessary killing of more men on each side.

At Gen. Grant's request I wrote a memorandum embodying the suggestions I had made, and handed the rough draft to him. He read it over slowly, and then called to Col. Parker, the New York Indian, one of his Aids, to bring him the portfolio the latter carried.

Grant at once wrote for himself the letter which was sent to Gen. Lee, which is now historical, and read it aloud to me. That one incident showed me how ready Gen. Grant was to act at any time when occasion required. His letter was in general form like my rough draft; but while my language was the more formal demand of a professional soldier, the letter of history that he wrote was much the better one under the circumstances.

Gen. Grant was a good writer; his writing may be lacking somewhat of the methods of a trained writer for the public, but he wrote just as he talked when with friends he had confidence in. No one who knew him well enough to have heard him in friendly conversation can ever believe the intimation that every word in his "Memoirs" is not his own language. I recognized his utterances and manner in every page.

THE CRUTCH IN THE CORNER.

Why, Billy, your rooms as cold as the hut
We had by the swamp and river
When we lost our Major and Tim, you know,
And twenty more, with the fever.
Well, Tom, old comrade, it's hard enough,
But the best at times knock under;
There's nary stick of wood in the house
But that crutch in the corner, yonder.

"Sorry I 'listed?" Don't ask me that, Tom;
If the flag was again in danger,
I'd aim a gun with this aching stump
At the foe, were he brother or stranger.
But I say, ought a wound from a shot or a shell,
Or a pistol-bullet, by thunder,
Forever doom a poor fellow to want
With that 'ar in the corner, yonder?

That crutch, my comrade, ought ever to be
A draft at sight on the Nation
For honor, respect and a friendly hand,
For clothing and quarters and ration.
I'd sooner have kicked the bucket twice o'er,
By a shell or a round ten-pounder,
Than live such a life as I'm doing now,
With that 'ar in the corner, yonder.

There's nary thing left for to pawn or sell,
And the Winter has closed on labor;
Yon crutch is all that is left me now,
With my pistols and trusty saber;
And them, by the sunlight above us, Tom,
No power from my touch can sunder,
Save the Power that releases me at last
From that 'ar in the corner, yonder.

I can raise this arm that is left to me
To the blessed heavens above us,
And swear by the throne of the Father there,
And the angels all who love us,
That the hand I lost and the hand I have
Were never yet stained by plunder,
And for love of the dear old flag I now
Use that 'ar in the corner, yonder.

There's little we hear of nowadays
But "pardon" and "reconstruction,"
While the sojer who fought and bled for both
Is left to his own destruction.
'Twould be well, I think, in these nipping times,
For the Congress fellows to ponder,
And think of us boys who use such things
As that 'ar in the corner, yonder.

THE C. C. C.

Monthly Meetings of the Club of Curious Characters.

MADAME'S PART.

A Beautiful and Mysterious Italian Girl.

A CAPUCHIN MONK.

The Story of the Bracelet as Told by the Count.

BY LIEUT. MASON A. SHUFELDT, U. S. N.

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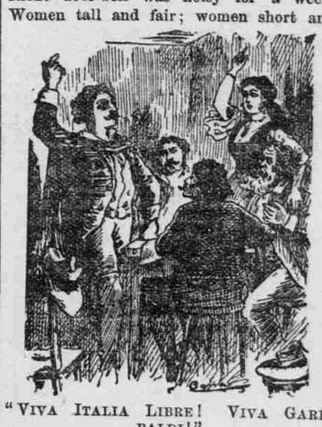
MADAME'S PART.

I AM a rich woman, but a lonely one. I live in a big, grand house, but the rooms echo with my footsteps only. My good husband died some years ago and left me rich, but childless. I have sat before an open window or over an open fire and thought and pondered over these facts, till finally I made up my vacillating mind and determined to look about me for a companion. I did look about me in an aimless way, and did not see any one I liked. I dislike generally my own blood relatives, and my husband's generally dislike me; naturally so, I imagine, as all his wealth came to me. So the time went on and I grew lonelier and more discontent. "Jane," I said abruptly one morning to the head housemaid, "I am going to advertise." "Yes,

"AH! MADAME, HAVE PITY UPON ME."

mum," she answered as she busily cleared away the breakfast things. "Yes," I continued, "I am going to advertise for a companion." Jane immediately dropped the breadcrust dish and fairly glared at me. "Good Lord—goodness me!" she exclaimed. "What do you think I mean?" I said back sharply. "I mean a female companion to keep me company and to make me less lonely." Jane recovered herself and went on with her duties. After she had gone I sat for many moments, contriving to myself how best to bring my scheme about. I went to my desk and worded out a dozen different notices. None seemed to suit me. I was about to give up in despair, when I thought of the morning paper. I rang for it and began poring over its advertising columns. Suddenly my eye fell upon a certain notice under the head of "Help Wanted." It was an advertisement requesting the position of companion to a lady of means; had no objection to travel; spoke several languages, and was a good musician. Did not object to children. I immediately cut this out, and taking it as my copy, remodeled it in a great measure, and so shaped mailed it, with the money, to another paper of much less but more a select subscription. Nearly all that night I lay awake with anxiety coupled with curiosity, with a certain sort of dread or pride at my own boldness. The advertisement duly appeared. It is needless to say that I had immediately an abundance of correspondence, and that my poor long-silent door-bell was noisy for a week. Women tall and fair; women short and



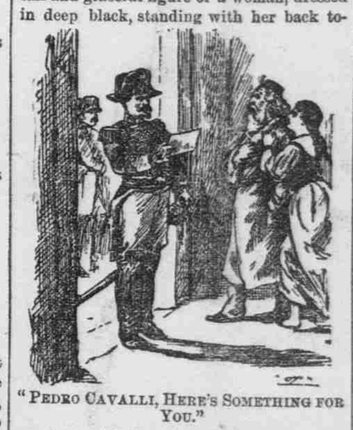
"VIVA ITALIA LIBRE! VIVA GARIBALDI!"

dark; talkative women who were sure they would suit; simpering women who left it entirely to me; ancient governesses and modern school-marms;—they all came and sat and talked and urged, poor things. I pitied many of them, and my heart grew often soft in listening to stories of hard struggles with a senseless world and harder climbs up the rugged hill we call Life. But none suited me, and their number and the correspondence fell off day by day. One sultry Summer evening, when I was in my own room sitting by an open window watching the gathering twilig[illegible] came a tap upon my door.

"What is it?" I said.

"It's me, mum," answered the not melodious voice of Jane. "I want to tell ye that there's another one of those companions waiting to see you in the parlor."

I went down wearily and opened the parlor door. I saw at once in the corner the tall and graceful figure of a woman, dressed in deep black, standing with her back to-



"PEDRO CAVALLI, HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU."

ward me, with her hands clasped in front, with her head half bowed, looking out—as I had been—from an open window at the gathering shadows on the lawn.

"Won't you sit down," I said, as I took a seat myself.

She started, and faced me, but answered gently, "Yes, Madame."

Then she told me that she had come in answer to my advertisement; that she was an Italian by birth, and had come to this country very young; that she was much in need of help; that her parents were dead; that—that she was alone in the world—here she said nothing more, but gazed intently into the fast-gathering gloom of the great room, and I saw her hands twist and untwist themselves in her lap.

"Beside, Madame," she said, in a half-broken voice, "I speak the French, and also—also the Italian."

I got up and rang the bell.

"Jane," I commanded, "bring the lights."

Then both were silent till after Jane had gone again. Then I turned and looked my visitor in the face. Ah, the years of this lonely life that must roll by before I can forget that face. My Marietta! How can I describe you. An Italian face—a beautiful one; a very beautiful one. The face that Guido alone has ever dreamed about or depicted. The dark cheek, transparent with the rosy color underneath; the rich and curling lips; the soft, dark eyes of vine-clad Italy; the waving masses of jet-black hair. She told me little of her history, save that she was very poor and had no references. I sat and watched as she spoke. I listened to her intently. She had a rapid way of talking, mingled with little gestures with her restless hands. Suddenly she slipped from her seat to her knees upon the floor. She buried her head in her hands upon my lap.

"Ah, Madame, Madame," she cried, "have pity upon me—pobre mio!"

I raised her to her seat.

"What is your name?"

"Marietta, Madame."

"Have you any luggage?"

"I have nothing, Madame."

I got up and rang the bell.

"YOU ARE FREE—FREE!"

"Jane," I said, "show this young lady to her room—the one I picked out for my companion."

Then I turned to her and slipped my arm about her waist.

"Go to bed, and to sleep, child," I said; "you are at home—I engage you."

The happy, happy months to me that followed. No woman's heart ever went out more truly than did mine to my new companion. Her sweet voice—her gentle words—her noiseless steps. And then the growing happiness in her lovely face. How *good* and proud it made me feel. She never would take anything from me save a dress—always black; and when the Summer faded and breezy Autumn came, what hours we spent together in our little sewing-room. I often spoke to her of how homely were her dresses, and suggested a new pin or some other bright trinket, and even went so far as to mention the opera.

"Nay, Madame," she always said; "let us stay at home; we cannot, cannot be happier, can we?"

I had noticed often that she always wore upon her wrist a slender bracelet of gold, representing a tiny snake, and one day I asked her about it. The color faded from her cheek, and her great eyes seemed slowly filled with tears.

"Do not ask me, dear friend," she said; "it came from Italy."

I never spoke of it again to her. Those gathering Autumn evenings, when we sat before the glowing fire in the dark, unlit room. Can I ever these forget? Marietta often on the bearskin rug at my feet—the firelight falling on her lovely face and glistening amid the folded tresses of her splendid hair; the soughing of a rising wind outside; the answer that the chimney gave.

"I believe," would whisper Marietta, "these are sometimes human voices."

"Hush, child, and tell Jane to bring the tea."

So passed away our hours till Autumn came close to Winter, and the trees in the park were quite bare. One almost Wintry morning I knocked at her door; I had no answer; I tried the lock; it was open. I entered and looked about. The bed had not been touched. There was a note pinned to the pillow. I seized it. I read these words.

"Adio, adio; and may God forever bless you"

I am an old woman now. From that day to this I have never seen her or heard of her aimless fate.

We have now, said the Count, slowly, and picking up the trinket from the table—we have now the stories of three of the four links that make up the strange history of this woman's bracelet. First, we know that it was owned and worn by a beautiful Italian woman, who mysteriously disappeared, as told by "Madame." Second, we know that it was seen upon the wrist of a man whose surroundings pointed at as guilty of murder, as told by the Doctor. Third, we know that such a man was captured after many years, and we know that that man took his own life, and the bracelet disappeared, as told by myself. There yet remains the fourth link to complete the circle—a link comprising the three appearances of the bracelet—with the Italian girl, the man who killed himself, and the man who was murdered. This secret rests in this little circlet. It cannot speak for itself. I will speak for it.

A year or two after the suicide of my Italian prisoner, I retired from active service, and having a sufficient competence thought strongly of taking another run abroad. One day on Broadway I ran against Hardy. I had not seen him for many years. We greet-

"COUNT, TAKE THIS PAPER. IT IS FOR YOU TO READ."

ed heartily, then walked arm-in-arm up the crowded street.

"Count, do you know what I am going to do next month?"

"No," I said.

"I'm going to take a run abroad."

"Jack, so am I."

"Let's go together."

"Done," I said, and before we parted that day the date of sailing had been fixed and the day appointed to meet. The arrangement was carried out, and Jack and myself found ourselves, after wandering over half of Europe, one Summer's day in Naples at the Hotel Napoli, and nothing to do.

"What *is* there to do?" yawned Jack, with the opera closed."

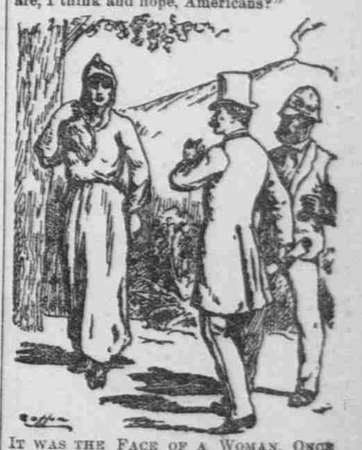
"Nothing," I answered. "Oh, yes; there is music in the Villa Nazionale on the Poseleppo Road; let us go there and take our coffee and cognac."

And we did, lazily. We found a shady seat under an overhanging tree. We stretched our legs and sipped occasionally at our coffee, but mostly fell to thinking and gazing lazily at the motley passing crowd. A brassy military band was playing in an open-air pavilion, and many people were standing about listening. I heard the distant sound of some splattering fountain. The Summer breeze scarce rustled the leaves above me. I grew drowsy, and rested my head upon my hands.

"Gracious," grumbled Jack, "this is stupid."

A stooping figure arose from an adjacent seat and approached us. He seemed bowed down by age, and a snow-white beard swept his chest. He was dressed in the coarse garb of some cloistered monk, with knotted cord about his waist and rough sandals on his feet. He stood in front of us.

"You are," he said, in good English—"you are, I think and hope, Americans?"



IT WAS THE FACE OF A WOMAN, ONCE EXCEEDINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

We assured him so, and Jack said: "Won't you sit down?" He did so as we made room for him.

"I am," he explained, "a cloistered monk of the Capuchins order. My order lives upon yonder hill, and we are very poor. For many years I have waited an opportunity to speak in private to an American. This is, indeed, the first. Many years ago